Memorial of Samuel McAllister

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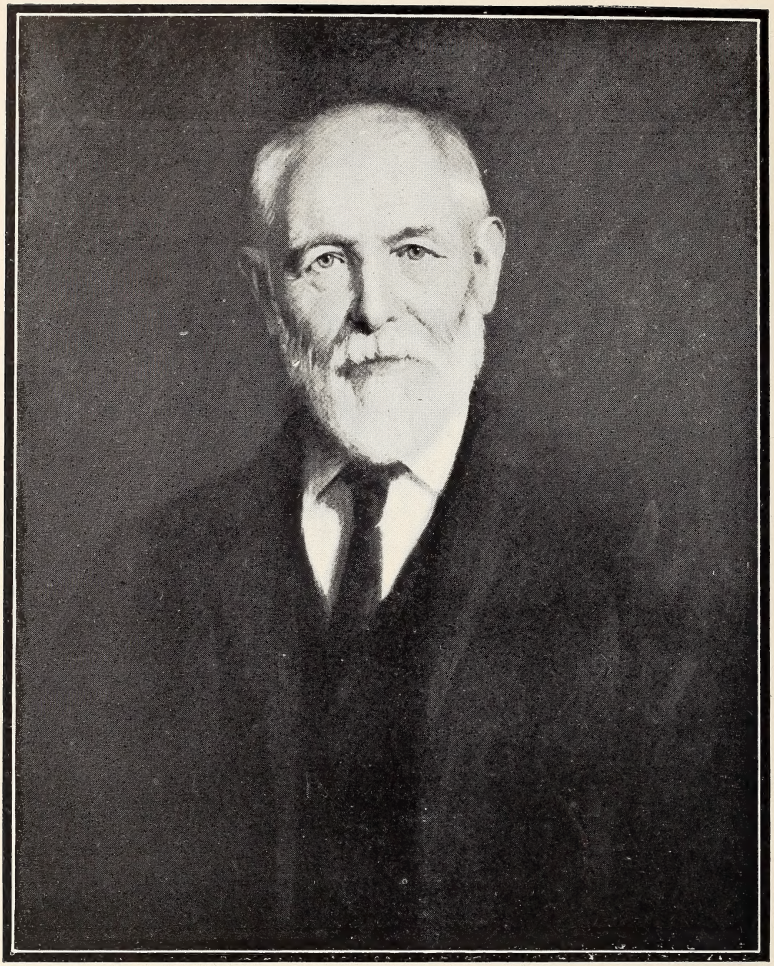

Sincerely yours
S. W. Allister

Memorial of
Samuel McAllister

Principal of Ryerson School

1877-1906

Born Aug. 12th, 1834
Died July 1st, 1907

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Introduction.

¶ To the very close of his life Mr. McAllister was a teacher; and it was granted to him to pass from this earthly sphere in full possession of that keenness of intellect so evident throughout his career. The address "Literature that has helped me, and that I have liked" was prepared while under stress of great bodily affliction; but, ever a teacher, he seemed to realize that this might be the last lesson he would teach. So it proved, for within a fortnight "the finger of God touched him and he slept."

Samuel McAllister.

ON his father's side Mr. McAllister is of Highland Scotch descent, though he was born in Ireland, spending his first twelve years in Portaferry, County Down, a youthful neighbor, therefore, of that Governor-General Canadians are proud to remember---the Earl of Dufferin.

¶ He was born on August 12th, 1837, and at the age of twelve removed to Liverpool where, after a course of instruction at the Bush School, he entered a business office; but his nights were spent at the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, where he was prize winner in Mathematics and English.

¶ In 1857 he came to this country, and to Toronto. He taught first in a private school, Bartlett's Academy, but, in 1859, he was appointed assistant master in Louisa Street School. In 1864 he became headmaster of Givens Street School, and in 1866

Principal of John Street School. Thirty years ago there was erected on St. Patrick Street what was then considered a noble school edifice, named after the founder of the Public School system of Ontario, the Ryerson School. It was opened with the new year of 1877, and from among the teachers of Toronto Mr. McAllister was chosen as its Principal.

¶ If we seek the finest monument of the teacher we must find it in the lives of his pupils. His boys have passed out into every walk of life: some have entered the ministry; some are principals in our city schools, teachers in the high schools, or in universities at home and abroad; some are doctors of medicine, architects and engineers, editors or artists; some have achieved high place in the law; many are among the successful business men of to-day. In the rank and file of this world's work is many a man who values among his best gifts the memory of Mr. McAllister's instruction.

¶ For the past seventeen years Mr. McAllister was the honored guest at the annual banquets

given by his old pupils. In 1899 he was presented with the fine oil portrait by Mr. Wyly Grier, which is shown in the reproduction, and some two years later, on the suggestion of Dr. Frederick H. Sykes, Director of University Extension Teaching of Columbia University, New York, an old boy, the McAllister Scholarship Fund was inaugurated. Mr. McAllister retired from active service on the teaching staff at the close of the year 1906, and the occasion was celebrated by a complimentary banquet at which his old pupils and leading citizens testified to the high esteem in which he was held in the community.

¶ He was not long spared, however, to enjoy the evening of his days. During the early dawn of Canada's National Birthday, July 1st, 1907, there passed from this earthly scene a great soul, whose spirit lives on; and the thousands whom he has helped to guide along the paths of truth and light can best preserve his memory by imitating the noble life and character of Samuel McAllister.

Literature That Has Helped Me, and That I have Liked.

Read before the Epworth League of Broadway Tabernacle on the evening of June 17th, 1907 : :

Literature That Has Helped Me, and That I have Liked.

THE first literature that I was made familiar with was that of the Bible, and though its beauties were passed unnoticed in the callow state of childhood, I began to appreciate them as I grew up in years. Let me enumerate a number of those parts that have impressed me.

¶ Abraham was one of my favorite characters. I admired his forbearance in dealing with his nephew Lot, when, to avoid quarrelling amongst their herdsmen, he gave him the choice of grazing ground. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, be-
"tween thee and me . . . for we be brethren.
"Is not the whole land before thee? Separate
"thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take
"the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if

"thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to "the left." His reception and entertainment of the strangers that came to his tent, travel stained and weary, is a most pleasing picture of the hospitality that still marks human intercourse in the East. "He ran to meet them from the tent door and "bowed himself unto the ground . . . . and "he took butter and milk and the calf which he "had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood "by them under the tree, and they did eat." St. Paul makes excellent reference to this incident in recommending the duty of hospitality, which he often does in his epistles:---"Be not forgetful to "entertain strangers: for thereby some have enter- "tained angels unawares."

¶ I took great interest as a youth in the history of Jacob and his family. I must confess to a lack of admiration for the character and conduct of Jacob in his younger days. His co-operation with his mother who was of the family Laban---and they were a bad lot---in deceiving his poor old blind father, his manner of outwitting his uncle Laban,

his manner of preparing to meet the brother he had wronged, his declining the hospitable offer of that generous-hearted brother, all show characteristics that appear more or less in his descendants. He had too keen an eye to the main chance. But I was greatly interested in the history of Joseph and his brethren. Of these brethren Judah took the lead in character and intellect. One of the finest pieces of oratory in all literature is the speech he makes to Joseph when he wishes to have Benjamin released and taken home to his father, in fulfilment of the solemn promise he had made to him. Observe the skilful way he begins his speech to Joseph to conciliate him, "Oh my Lord, "let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my "Lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against "thy servant, for thou art even as Pharaoh." It was impossible for Joseph's tender heart to resist the eloquence of that appeal. I am reminded that St. Paul began his speech before Agrippa in a similar conciliatory tone. "I think myself happy, "King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself

"this day before thee touching all things whereof
"I am accused of the Jews, especially because I
"know thee to be expert in all customs and
"questions which are among the Jews."

¶ Of course I was, and am, a great admirer of David, and never tired of reading of his audacious bravery as a youth in facing Goliath. "Then said "David unto the Philistine: Thou comest to me "with a sword and with a spear, and with a "shield; but I come to thee in the name of the "Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel "whom thou hast defied . . . . and all this "assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not "with sword and spear: for the battle is the "Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

¶ I regard David as one of the greatest men in all history. Montaigne in his Essays names Alexander the Great, Epaminondas, and Homer as the three most excellent men that have come to his knowledge. I would place Julius Cæsar ahead of Alexander, as being a great general, a more far-seeing statesman, and a better orator, and King David before

Epaminondas, who was a warrior and a statesman, while David was great in these two capacities and was an excellent poet, and musician as well.

¶ Of the prophets I admire Elijah the most. He was certainly of the church militant, as he showed himself in his conference with Obadiah, when he was determined to meet Ahab. "As the Lord of "hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely "show myself unto him this day." Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, was always, I confess, a woman of interest to me. She was a born ruler of men, and easily dominated over her weak husband. Hence came the introduction and spread of the worship of Baal, the god of her native country, throughout her husband's kingdom. Her last act was as audacious as anything in her history. She had heard of the rebellion of Jehu, and of the death of King Jehoram, her son, and knowing that Jehu was marching on Jezreel she prepared to meet him in her own fashion. She dressed herself in her regalia, presented herself at a window, and with one bold speech,---"Had Zimri peace who slew his master?"

tried to turn the tide of rebellion against the slayer of her son. But the feeling in favor of the usurper was too strong, and she suffered a terrible death. "And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel "heard of it: and she painted her face and tired "her head, and looked out at a window. And as "Jehu entered in at the gate, she said: Had Zimri "peace who slew his master? And he lifted up "his face to the window, and said: Who is on my "side? Who? And there looked out to him "two or three eunuchs. And he said: Throw her "down. So they threw her down . . . . "and he trod her under foot."

¶ When we come to the New Testament we have the beautiful stories told by our Saviour to admire and to profit by. The three that I derived the greatest instruction and comfort from are, the Parable of the Talents, the story of the Good Samaritan, and that of the Prodigal Son. The Parable of the Talents is a striking lesson for everyone that he should use whatever qualities he has been endowed with to the best advantage.

The second teaches us to exercise the widest catholicity in good will to our fellow creatures. The consoling lesson taught by the third, can be well expressed by the couplet,

"As long as the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Viewing this parable as a story simply, I must admit that my sympathy lies with the elder brother. I think that with better reason than Jonah, he did well to be angry when he exclaimed, "Lo, these "many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed "I at any time thy commandment, and yet thou "never gavest me a kid that I might make merry "with my friends, but as soon as this thy son was "come, which hath devoured thy living with "harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

¶ We cannot spare time to dwell longer on sacred literature, but what a copious mine of instruction and edification is there! I now turn to secular literature, and let me say at once that I know of no work I profited in the reading of so much as

Plutarch's Lives. This writer flourished in the first and second century of our era, and his work bears evidence of his having having had access to ample material in writing his forty-six biographies. He is somewhat of a gossipy writer and the more interesting to read on that account, for his Lives abound with anecedotes, and witty sayings. Here is an anecdote of Aristides the Just, which shows a man of great nobility of character, and one that under very trying circumstances displays the virtue of charity that endureth all things. Through the insinuations of Themistocles, the Athenians determined to banish Aristides because they were led to believe he was becoming too powerful.

¶ Banishment---called "ostracism"---was accomplished by writing on an oyster shell the name of the person the citizens objected to. An illiterate citizen came to Aristides, whom he took for some ordinary person, and presenting his oyster shell asked him to write Aristides' name upon it. The good man asked him whether Aristides had ever injured him, "No," said he, "nor do I even know

"him; but it vexes me to hear him everywhere "called The Just." Aristides made no answer, but took the shell, wrote his own name upon it, and returned it to the man. The vote was carried for his banishment. When he quitted Athens, he lifted up his hands towards heaven, and prayed that the people of Athens might never see the day which would force them to remember Aristides. The Athenians did see that day, when they found it necessary to ask him to come back and join with Themistocles in resisting the Persian invasion. Like a true patriot he did return, and helped to defeat the Persian fleet at the battle of Salamis.

¶ Two examples of the wit of these great ancients come here to my memory. Before the battle of Arbela, Darius wrote a letter to Alexander the Great proposing very favorable terms of peace. When Alexander read this letter to his generals, one of them, named Parmenio, said "If I were "Alexander I would accept these terms." "So "would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." I need hardly say the terms were not accepted.

Darius was pursued. The battle of Arbela was fought and Darius was hopelessly defeated.

¶ The other refers to Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general. When he was preparing to fight the battle of Cannæ, in which the Romans met with a disastrous defeat, though they had the larger army, one of his staff named Gisco happened to say that the number of the enemy seemed to him surprising. Hannibal replied with a serious countenance. "There is another thing that has escaped "your observation much more surprising than that." "What is that?" said Gisco, "It is," replied Hannibal, "That among such a number not one of "them is named Gisco." Plutarch says this caused a general laugh. It soon spread to the whole camp and put heart into the soldiers when they knew that on an occasion that seemed so critical to them their general could crack a joke, and they won the battle despite the great disparity of numbers.

¶ Before reading Plutarch I had very hazy notions as to the advancement of civilization of the Greeks and Romans. Plutarch dispelled this haze, and

revealed to me what a number of great men there were in ancient times amongst these highly civilized Greeks and Romans. One most helpful feature of these Lives is the comparisons Plutarch makes. For example, he compares Alexander the Great with Julius Cæsar, Demosthenes with Cicero, Pericles with Fabius Maximus, and a number of others, a Greek with a Roman---thus he brings out the distinctive characters of each and expresses his opinion upon them.

¶ I might dwell, too, on the enlargement of mind I received from Xenophon's "Memorable Thoughts "of Socrates," Seneca's "Morals," Cæsar's "Civil "War," and Cirero on "Friendship," and "Old "Age."

¶ Of more recent literature I shall begin with Chaucer, who is deservedly called the Father of English Poetry. Before reading his "Canterbury "Tales" I had the same indefinite notions of the conditions of English life in the fourteenth century which I had of that of the ancient Greeks and Romans before reading Plutarch. Chaucer, like

the true poet that he was, saw into all shades of life, and his power of poetic expression was a ready hand-maid to his power of observation. Hence his pages show life as it really existed in his time. They abound in both pathos and humor, in graphic description of both the virtues and weaknesses of humanity. What is more pathetic than the story of Griselda? There is no character more amusing in appearance than his Miller. On his nose was the wart out of which grew a tuft of hairs as red as the bristles on a sow's ears. There was no door that he could not break by running at it with his head. He was a musician too, for

"A bag-pipe cowde he blow, and soune
And therewithal he brought us out of toune."

¶ Amongst the Pilgrims was a knight and his son, who acted as his squire. Chaucer gives such an admirable description of this young man that I shall read it to you.

" With him there was his sone, a yong Squyer,
" A lovyer and a lusty bacheler,
" With lokkes crulle as they were layde in presse,
" Of twenty yeer he was of age I gesse.
" Of stature he was of evene lengthe,
" And wondurly delyver, and gret of strengthe.
" And he had been somtyme in chivachie,
" In Flaundres, in Artoys, and in Picardie,
" And born him wel, as in so litel space.
" In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
" Embrowdid was he, as it were a mede
" Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
" Syngynge he was, or flowtynge al the day;
" He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.
" Schort was his goune, with sleeves long and wyde,
" Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
" He cowde songes wel make and endite,
" Justne and eek dounce, and wel purtray and write.
" So hote he lovede that by nightertale
" He sleep no more than doth a nightyngale.
" Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable,
" And carf byforn his fadur at the table."

¶ If you were to Judge by the Miller and the Squire, you would say they were a merry set of pilgrims, who were bound to have a good time on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket. Chaucer, however, introduces to us others who more worthily sustain the characters of pilgrims. I shall just quote his description of two of these, The Parson and The Nun. It is worthy of your notice the close resemblance there is between Chaucer's Parson and Goldsmith's Village Preacher in The Deserted Village. Here is his description of the Nun, p. 6.

" Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
" That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;
" Hire grettest ooth was but by seynt Loy;
" And sche was clept madame Englentyne.
" Ful wel sche sang the servise devyne,
" Entuned in hire nose ful semyly;
" And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
" After the schole of Stratford atte Bowe,
" For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.

" At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;
" Sche let no morsel from hire lippes falle . . .
" And sikurly sche was of gret disport,
" And ful plesant, and amyable of port,
" And peyned hire to counterfete cheere
" Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
" And to ben holden digne of reverence.
" But for to speken of hire conscience,
" Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
" Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
" Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
" Of smale houndes hadde sche that sche fedde
" With rostud fleissh, and mylk and wastel breed,
" But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,
" Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte:
" And al was conscience and tendre herte.
" Ful semely hire wymple i-pynched was;
" Hire nose streight; here eyen grey as glas;
" Hire mouth ful smal, and thereto softe and reed;
" But sikurly sche hadde a faire forheed.
" It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe:
" For hardily she was not undergrowe.

" Ful fetys was hire cloke, as I was wa ar.
" Of smal coral aboute hire arme sche baar
" A peire of bedes gaudid al with grene:
" And thereon heng a broch of gold ful schene,
" On which was first i-writen a crowned A.
" And after that, Amor vincit omnia.

¶ I must make a stride now to the sixteenth century, the beginning of which gives us Sir Thomas More's " Utopia," which shows him as a far-seeing statesman in regard to what should constitute a perfect state.

¶ In reading " The Utopia," I was struck with his wonderful foresight, at the same time with its limitations. He has no use for lawyers in his model community, which is thoroughly socialistic, but strangely enough he has employment for slaves.

¶ The New Learning shows its glimmer in " The " Utopia," but before the century ends it burst out into the blaze of glory of the Renaissance in the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

¶ I was fortunate when a boy in being presented by an elder brother with a mutilated copy of Shakespeare's plays, and these I devoured. Being then at an age when everything impressed me, I with little effort mastered most of the plays I read. As a proof of this I remember these much better than others to which I have given serious study since, but which were not in my first copy. I remember to have taken great delight in the humor of Sir John Falstaff and the wit of Touchstone. But the play that impressed me most was *Hamlet*, with its striking scenes, its display of character, and the wisdom it contains, such as that in Polonius' advice to his son Laertes, and in Hamlet's soliloquy on the ills of human life.

¶ Bacon's "Essays" I read and re-read, and wondered that a young man of thirty-five could give expression to so much wisdom. In my later years I have read Montaigne's Essays, which were published before Bacon's, and I found a close resemblance, not only in structure, but in thought, between these two great writers.

¶ In the middle of the seventeenth century comes Sir Thomas Browne, with his *Religio Medici.* This book I found a mine of wisdom, particularly of a religious caste.---As it is not so well known as Bacon's *Essays,* I ask you to let me give a few quotations from it, the wisdom of which will impress you as it did me:---

"There is all Africa and her prodigies in us."

"There is no deformity but in monstrosity."

"There are many canonized on earth that shall never be saints in heaven."

"Every sin, the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth the quality of evil."

"I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven; they go the fairest way to heaven that serve God without a hell."

"God is merciful to all because he is better to the worst than the best deserve."

¶ The sixteenth century is also made memorable by the production of Milton's works. His longest poems, such as *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise*

Regained, which he produced when he was in retirement in his blind old age, must not be allowed to overshadow his shorter poems that were produced in the height of his poetic fervor. I refer to *Il Penseroso,* and *L'Allegro* particularly, which are gems of their kind. The descriptions of scenery, of customs, and of moods, whether grave or gay, are delightful to read. What can be more graphic than this scene of the early morning on a farm:---

"While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn door
Stoutly struts his dames before."

¶ Or who ever told of the effects of organ music as Milton does:

"There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

¶ I am glad to say that Milton's Sonnets, which are acknowledged to be the best in the English language, are popular with us. They need not be quoted from.

¶ Coming to the beginning of the eighteenth century, we have *The Spectator.* The essays in *The Spectator* gave me a better idea of the social and political aspects of that period than any other work I have read, except *Henry Esmond,* but Addison's English, in my opinion, surpasses Thackeray's.

¶ When we advance to the second half of this century, we meet with Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and Gray, all of whom have left their impress on English literature;---Johnson by his "Essays," his story of *Rasselas,* and most of all by his conversation as told by Boswell; Goldsmith by his poems, his dramas and his delightful *Vicar of Wakefield;* Burke by his political opinions expressed in the purest of English; and Gray by his immortal *Elegy.*

¶ We know much more of Goldsmith's *Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* than we do of his other poems, such as *Retaliation,* and yet it is as great of its kind as anything he has written. It was called forth as a humorous reply to the jokes that were made on himself. Like Falstaff, Goldsmith was the cause of wit in others. Amongst the members of the literary club to which he belonged were Burke and Garrick, and here is what he says of each of them. He first enumerates what dish each member of the club represents at the dinner table. Burke, for instance, is "Tongue with the garnish of brains." Garrick is

"A Salad, for in him we see,
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree."

And himself, "magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool."

"Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends us a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
them back."

¶ No other writer of the eighteenth century left much impression on my mind except Boswell in his Life of Johnson. Johnson was great in conversation, and Boswell does ample justice to his

powers in this respect. There is so much wit, so much wisdom, so much knowledge of the world, such judgment of men and of books in Johnson's conversation, that I think it is a matter of regret that we have not had similar biographies of other great talkers, such as Coleridge, and Carlyle, and Macaulay.

¶ The nineteenth century opened with a burst of song. In the first quarter of the century Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and Keats flourished. Of these the one that was least appreciated was Wordsworth, and the one that leaped into fame the quickest was Byron, yet now Wordsworth is read much more than Byron, and I think deservedly so. His *Intimations of Immortality* will outlast many generations.

¶ The prose works of the nineteenth century that influenced me most were, Macaulay's *Essays* and John Stuart Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions.*

¶ The former are much more read than the latter. Yet Mill gave expression to a greater number of

wise thoughts than Macaulay and he was more correct in his style. Here are a few of his gems:--

"Fiction is enjoyed with the greatest intensity in the childhood of individuals and nations."

"The truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly, the truth of fiction is to give a true picture of human life."

"The actor knows there is an audience present, but, if he acts as though he knew it, he acts ill."

"We gain more knowledge in our early years without labor, than we ever afterwards acquire with the hardest toil."

"Civilization is a word of double meaning, it sometimes stands for human improvement in general, and sometimes for certain kinds of improvement in particular."

"The grand requisite of good writing is to have something to say."

"Not what a boy or girl can repeat by rote, but what they have learned to love and admire, is what forms their character."

"There is no philosophy possible where fear of consequence is a stronger principle than a love of truth."

"The next thing to having a question solved is to have it well raised."

"A real thinker is shown in nothing more certainly than in the questions he asks."

¶ I shall conclude this paper by reference to Tennyson, who is the only poet of the middle and latter half of the nineteenth century who has the supreme merit of those that marked the beginning of it. From the beginning to the end of his career he wrote a great deal that is worth remembering, such as *Locksley Hall, In Memoriam, The Idylls of the King* and many shorter poems.

¶ His first great poem of length was *In Memoriam* and I will give the first and last stanzas of his introduction to it:---

"Strong son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

. . . . . .

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries
Confusions of a wasted youth,
Forgive them when they fail in truth
And in Thy wisdom make me wise."

¶ His last poem, or almost his last, is said to have originated thus,---

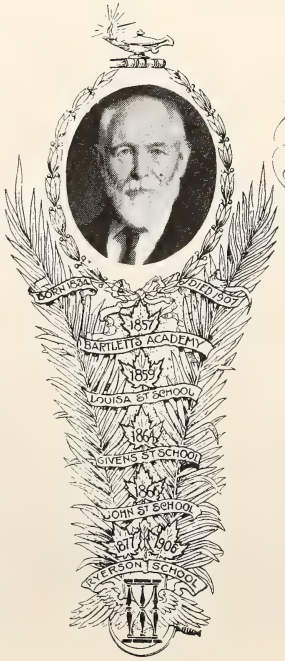
¶ An old servant happened to remark to him that among all his poetic efforts he had never composed a hymn. The next morning he removed her reproach by reading to her "Crossing the Bar."

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

" But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

" Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

" For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."



The Samuel McAllister Scholarship

Founded 1901

FROM A FUND SUBSCRIBED BY THE RYERSON SCHOOL OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION IN HONOR OF THEIR OLD MASTER, SAMUEL McALLISTER, PRINCIPAL OF RYERSON SCHOOL FOR THIRTY YEARS.

First Awarded 1907

The Ryerson School Old Boys' Association

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entitling him to two years' free tuition in any Collegiate Institute or Technical High School in the City of Toronto, on account of General Proficiency, Punctuality and Good Conduct.

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Trustee for Ryerson School Old Boys' Association.

The Ryerson School Old Boys' Association

DURING our school days few of us realized the obligations we were under to the teachers who were building character and fitting us for a life of usefulness in the world.

¶ The influence of the late Samuel McAllister upon the pupils who were fortunate in having his guidance, went far beyond the mere book learning of the school room. His kindly interest followed them into whatever sphere of life they entered, and the remarkable faculty he possessed of remembering his old pupils was demonstrated by ever recurring incidents. His perennial youthfulness formed a link with past and present and the old boys never failed to appreciate and recognize the kindly personality which seemed never to grow old.

¶ The strength of this bond of affection between master and pupils was crystalized when, on December 28th, 1891, his old class of '81, after ten years of separation, gathered at his home to do him honor. It was the outcome of this gathering, and at Mr. McAllister's suggestion, that the first "Old Boys'" Association in Canada was formed,--the forerunner of numberless organizations of a similar character that have since sprung into existence. The Banquet, which was held the following year, was the first of the happy gatherings which proved to be an annual tribute of appreciation to a great man. Tangible evidence of this spirit was shown in 1899 in the presentation to him of a portrait of himself, painted by E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A. In 1901 the Samuel McAllister Scholarship fund was inaugurated, which was finally completed in the year of his retirement, 1906, and awarded for the first time in 1907. As many of the old boys are interested in this fund the following extract from the minutes of the

Association and the terms and conditions of its award are here set forth.

¶ *Resolved*---That a Scholarship to be known as the "*Samuel McAllister Scholarship*" shall be founded by this Association for the purpose of showing in a slight way an appreciation of Mr. McAllister's distinguished services to the cause of education in general and of the lasting impression for good he had made on the individual lives of his old pupils.

¶ That a Committee composed of the following members, namely,---W. W. Alexander, Chairman; George T. Pepall, Secy-Treas.; Henry Simpson, Dr. Harold Clark and A. J. Keeler, be appointed to raise the necessary funds.

¶ That the funds when raised are to be invested in the joint names of the Chairman and Secretary-Treasurer of the Board of Education and a representative from the Association, said representative to be elected annually (provided, however, that

the last representative so elected shall continue to hold office until his successor has been appointed) in such securities as Trustees are authorized by Statute to invest in.

¶ The said Scholarship is to be awarded on the following terms and conditions:---

(*a*) The basis of award shall be attendance, conduct and standing in class, duly certified by teacher and principal, and such examination as may be prescribed for entrance into High Schools or Collegiate Institutes.

(*b*) The only persons eligible are male pupils in attendance at Ryerson School at least two years prior to the award.

(*c*) The annual income from the fund shall be paid over to the Board of Education for the purpose of providing free tuition in any of the Collegiate Institutes or Technical High Schools in the City of Toronto, to the pupil who has been awarded the Scholarship for a period not exceeding two years, provided, however,

that any surplus, after payment of the said two years' tuition, is to be used in the purchase of text books for such pupil.

(*d*) In the event of the present site of Ryerson School being moved, then such Scholarship is to be awarded to a male pupil of the School which in the opinion of the Board of Education most nearly takes the place of the old School.